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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE VAMPIRE.

There were always some curious anecdotes to be heard from the conversation of Prince Cambesore. In one of my evening visits to him, he related the following story:

One day when the Emperor had detained me from my usual, the Minister of the Police (the Duc d'Orléans) sent to request an immediate audience. "What can he want," said the Emperor, "Stay, Prince Cambesore, I like to have a witness when I see you." (The Emperor was then beginning to distrust him.) Fouché entered, and began to converse about some general topics relating to the police, and then he proceeded as follows: "A very singular circumstance has taken place at the Hotel Peppin, Rue Saint-Eloi. About twelve days ago, a man named Rafin took up his abode at the Hotel Peppin, and, owing to some suspicious circumstances, he was communicated to the police, he has been the object of special surveillance. He is well dressed, and good looking, except that there is a certain expression of fierceness in his countenance. One day, he visits several families in Paris, in the evening, he leaves his hotel at eleven o'clock, precisely; he always proceeds to the same place, namely, the burial-ground of Pere-Lachaise, and as soon as he arrives there, my agents lose sight of him. At four o'clock in the morning, he is seen in the vicinity of the burial-ground. He then resumes his way to the Hotel Peppin, and there before day-light. These circumstances, which recur every night after night, excited the curiosity of my people. Rafin is distinctly kept watch, and is dogged step by step from the moment he leaves the hotel, until he arrives near Pere-Lachaise. There he is always lost sight of. A number of police agents have been stationed in the vicinity of the burial place; but nothing has been discovered."

The Duke of Otranto, exclaimed the Emperor, "this is a strange phantasmagorical story. . . . Do you not think that Rafin is a vampire?"

"That would be a rarity in France, Sire, in the nineteenth century."

"What do you think he is, then?"

"I cannot guess."

"Will you have him arrested?"

"He has committed no offence, and therefore, I cannot."

"You are right. It is sufficiently painful to be obliged to fill our state prisons with maniacs, who are pleasure in running headlong to their own destruction. I do not approve of preventive measures."

"You are always tyrannical. With such a system, you can stop . . . But this is a very suspicious gentleman. Have his papers been examined during his absence?"

"Yes, Sire, and nothing suspicious has been discovered."

"Is his passport correct?"

"The description of his person is not precisely accurate. There is even some appearance of error in the alteration of the writing in some parts. I know not what to make of this man;—but we will keep a vigilant eye upon him."

"I was much surprised at this curious disclosure," continued Prince Cambesore, "and some time afterwards, when Fouché happened to call on me, I thought of Rafin, and I inquired whether the matter had been cleared up."

"Prince," said he, "I could almost be tempted to think that we are not in the nineteenth century; but in the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or even the twelfth. . . . There are some extraordinary incidents recorded in this world."

"What have you discovered?"

"I will tell you. My brigade being not a little annoyed by the way in which Rafin constantly kept his vigilance, determined to take a decisive step; and, accordingly, one night they arrested him within a few yards of Pere-Lachaise."

"How was he knocked down two of the police officers, who alleged that they had not been struck by a man's arm but by a bar of iron. The others surrounded and arrested Rafin. He was perfectly calm, and he showed by the light of one of the lamps, the papers which he carried about with him; these papers consisted of a map of Paris, a certificate of his birth, and, in short, everything that was requisite to entitle him to the privilege of nocturnal promenade in our good city."

"As it was wished to take him by surprise, the police agents affected to be satisfied. He gave them a bores in payment of the cudgeling he had received, and all separated amicably. Some of the officers, however, turned and followed Rafin, after watching him some distance, they lost sight of him as usual."

"At four o'clock one of the men, who were still on the watch, gave a signal to his comrades that he had seen Rafin, and all hastened to his assistance. In order to put him off his guard, a police officer was proposed, and he arrested all the persons who happened to be passing by, (three or four in number), and among the rest. They were all searched."

"Rafin's pockets were found the same papers, and he produced a short time before, and nothing suspicious could attach. The men who followed Rafin, declared that they were very near him, and that they had seen him issue from the burial place of his body."

"Two days elapsed; and Rafin continued to go about his way. Among the persons he visited, there was a young girl who followed the business of a milliner. Inquiries were made about her, and it was ascertained, that though she had previously been fresh, healthy, and lively girl, she had, since she had known her, become pale and sickly. At the time of his visiting her, a widow who had been remarkably stout and ruddy, suddenly became emaciated and wasted. On the third day, a young man, who had been called at the Hotel Peppin, and who had been in the habit of visiting her, was found in an advanced state of decomposition, but none were wanting; and Rafin had not returned a second time to demand the key of his apartment. I may add, that the widow whom I have already

tural adventurer was overpowered by the fury of his assistant, who called him an assassin and a monster. Feeling himself unable to maintain the struggle, and that his strength was failing him, he drew his knife from his pocket, and stabbed Rafin in his side. It was distinctly seen that he gave him only one stab; four witnesses, who were present, bore testimony to this fact.

"Rafin groaned, relinquished his hold of his adversary, and fell dead. The young man fled, leaving his knife in Rafin's body. No one pursued him, owing to the consternation which the incident excited. A surgeon was sent for. Rafin was undressed, and it was discovered that he had six bleeding wounds, two in the right side, one on the abdomen, and one in the thigh. All present were confounded. Their testimony concurred unanimously. The young man seized Rafin, and after a struggle with him, drew out his knife. He gave him only one stab, and left the knife sticking in the wound. But, instead of one wound, there were six; and, on examination, the knife was found to correspond with only one of the wounds,—that in the side; the rest appeared to have been inflicted by pignards, swords, stilettes, or some other sharp weapon, in no way corresponding with the knife, which the surgeon, extracted from the body of Rafin, and examined in the presence of the witnesses."

"His apartments were searched, but nothing was found except his clothes, and the papers I have already mentioned; neither money nor property of any description. The passports described him as a citizen of Strasburgh, but, beyond this, there was no clue to discovery. The local authorities could furnish no information, owing to the removal of the registers of Strasburgh during the revolution. Search was made for the young man who had stabbed Rafin. He was speedily found. The account he gave was as follows:—He was paying his addresses to a young female, when Rafin became his rival, and was preferred to him. The girl soon fell into ill health. She complained of frightful nightmares, and affirmed that her blood was nightly sucked by a being of hideous appearance, but who nevertheless bore a resemblance to Rafin. She made this disclosure to the sister of her first lover, who became alarmed at the circumstance. The young man had that morning seen the object of his affection breathe her last; and his feelings being powerfully excited, he flew to challenge Rafin. The latter merely seized him by the throat, and finding himself nearly choked, he drew out his knife, not with the design of killing him, but of merely disengaging himself from his grasp."

"The affair was laid before me," pursued Fouché. "I was, of course, much astonished, when another incident occurred more extraordinary than all the rest. The body of Rafin was deposited in an apartment on the ground floor of the Hotel Peppin, and was to be interred early on the following morning. At the hour appointed for proceeding to the burial place, what was the astonishment of the persons employed to convey the corpse, to discover on entering the room, that it was gone!—New rumors were about. It was by some supposed that body-snatchers had obtained entrance to the room. Active investigation were set on foot; but no discovery was made. About six weeks elapsed; and you may easily conceive the horror of the Hotel Peppin, and of the whole neighborhood, when one day Rafin presented himself, and coolly asked for the key of his apartment, to procure his clothes. An alarm was raised; he was secured, and questioned; and he made the following statement—

"Some young medical students stole his body for the purpose of dissection. When about to commence their operation, the supposed corpse manifested some signs of life. They applied the proper remedies, and finally succeeded in restoring existence. But, as they had been guilty of the offence of abstracting the body he, (Rafin) had taken an oath not to betray them, and he added, that had rescued him from the grave. All this was plausible and possible enough; and the story was believed by every one, except myself."

"I gave orders to have Rafin arrested, and he was placed in confinement. I paid him a visit. He was strongly bound, and, in spite of his cries, supplications and resistance, I resolutely plunged into his flesh a surgical instrument which, without producing any injury, would cause an effusion of blood. When he perceived my object, he became furiously irritated, and made inconceivable efforts to attack me. He threatened me with his future revenge; but heedless of his violence, I thrust the instrument into him. No sooner did the first drop of blood appear, than the six old wounds opened afresh. All efforts to stop the bleeding proved fruitless—and Rafin died."

"Eleven persons," continued Fouché, "were present at the scene I have just described. Our amazement was inconceivable. We are in the nineteenth century, and we heeded before us a vampire, a blood-sucker. I had expressly summoned M. Cuvier, Forcercop, Cadet and Portal. They witnessed the fact, and they were astounded! . . . I must acknowledge, however, that they afterwards declared themselves inclined to regard the affair as a police trick. . . . a new mode of getting rid of a dangerous individual. They professed their faith in poison, but not in witchcraft, and the silence they have observed, must be attributed less to their promise of secrecy than to the result of a scene, of which they would have not have been spectators. As to myself, I have sifted the matter deeply, and I am perplexed to the last degree. I cannot admit the reality of vampires; yet it is certain that I witnessed the facts I have stated. The corpse was rolled in a great number of cloth wrappers, and put into an iron coffin, the head, hands and feet being previously cut off. The whole was then buried. At the expiration of a year, I ordered the coffin to be taken out of the grave. The different parts were found in an advanced state of decomposition, but none were wanting; and Rafin had not returned a second time to demand the key of his apartment. I may add, that the widow whom I have already

mentioned, as one of the females to whom Rafin professed to be paying his addresses, died a few days after him, almost wasted to a skeleton."

## THE ANCIENT MOUNDS OF THE WEST.

(BY EDWARD FLAND.)

"Are they here—  
The dead of other days!—And did the dead  
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,  
And burn with passion?"

[BYRON.]

"Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!"

It is a circumstance which has long elicited remark from those, who, as tourists, have journeyed through this Western valley, that so little interest should seem manifested for those mysterious and venerable monuments of another race, with which it abounds. When we consider the complete absence of all other relics of former generations in our land, it need not be said that such indifference is not well, and should exist no longer. To awaken this regard, we need but allude to that eagerness of interest which the distant traveller—the man of literary taste and poetic fancy, not less than the devotee of abstruse science, never fails to betray for these mysterious monuments of the past: many a oak, who, who has looked upon the century-mossed ruins of Europe, said to whose eye, the castled crags of the Rhine are not unfamiliar. And, surely, to an imaginative mind, there is an interest which attaches to these venerable beacons of departed time—enveloped as they are in mystery inscrutable, and from their origin, pointing, as they do, down the dim shadowy vista of ages, of which the keen of man telleth not—there is an interest which hallows them, even as the hoary piles of old Egypt are hallowed, and which feudal Europe, with all her time-stained battlements can never boast. It is the mystery—the impenetrable mystery veiling these aged sepulchres, which gives them an interest for the traveller's eye. They are landmarks in the lapse of ages, beneath whose shadows generations have mouldered, and around whose summits a gone eternity plays! The ruined tower—the moss-grown abbey—the damp-stained dungeon—the sunken arch—the fairy and delicate fragments of the shattered peristyle of a classic land, or the beautiful frescoes of Heracleum and Pompeii—around them time has indeed flung the silvery mantle of old, while he has swept them with decay; but their years he commemorates, and the circumstances, the authors, and the purposes of their origin, together with the incidents of their ruin, are chronicled on history's page, for coming generations. But who shall tell the story of the origin of these venerable earth-heaps—the race of their builders—the purpose of their erection—the thousand circumstances attending their rise, history, desertion? Why, now, so lone and desolate! Where are the multitudes that once swarmed the beautiful prairie at their base, and vainly busied themselves in rearing piles, which should exist the wonder of the men of other lands, and the sole monument of their own memory, long after they themselves were dust? Has War, or Famine, or Pestilence, brooded over these beautiful plains?—or has the fiat of Omnipotence gone forth, that as a race their dwellers should exist no longer, and the death-angel been commissioned to sweep them from off the face of the earth, as if with Destruction's besom? We ask:—the inquiry is vain:—we are answered not! Their mighty creations, and the tombs of myriads heave up themselves in solemn grandeur before us; but from the depths of the dusky earth heap comes forth no voice to tell us its origin, or object, or story!

"Ye mouldering relics of a race departed,  
Your names have perished; not a trace remains.  
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears,  
From the green bosom of your native plains."

Ages since—long ere the first son of the Old world had pressed the fresh soil of the New—long before the bright region beyond the blue wave had become the object of the philosopher's reverie by day, and the enthusiast's vision by night—in the deep stillness and solitude of an unpeopled land, these vast mounds rose as they now rise, in lonely grandeur from the plain; and looked down even as now they look, upon the giant floods rolling their dark waters at their base, hurrying past them to the deep. So has it been with the massive tombs of Egypt, amid the sands and barrenness of the desert. For ages untold have the gloomy pyramids been reflected by the inundations of the Nile; an hundred generations, they tell us, have arisen from the cradle, and reposed beneath their shadows, and like autumn leaves have dropped into the grave; but, from the deep midnight of bygone centuries, comes forth no daring spirit to claim these kingly sepulchres as his own! And shall the dusky piles, on the plains of distant Egypt affect so deeply our reverence for the departed, and these mighty monuments, reposing in dark sublimity upon our own magnificent prairies, veiled in mystery more inscrutable than they, call forth no solitary throb? Is there no hallowing interest associated with these aged reliques—these tombs, and temples, and towers, of another race, to elicit emotion? Are they indeed to us no more, than the dull clouds we tread upon? Why then does the wanderer from the far land gaze upon them with wonder and veneration? Why linger fondly around them, and meditate upon the power which reared them, and is departed? Why does the poet, the man of genius and fancy, or the philosopher of mind and nature, seat himself at their base, and with strange and undefined emotions, pause and ponder, amid the loneliness that slumbers around? And surely, if the far traveller, as he wanders through this Western valley, may linger around these aged piles, and meditate upon a power departed—a race obliterated—so influence swept from the earth forever—and dwell with melancholy emotions upon the destiny of man, is it not more than these lone mounds, heaping their story by Providence, to suggest to our minds, and to our hearts, the mystery of our origin, and the uncertainty of our destiny? Should we not, then, preserve every landmark, as their origin, de-

sign, or history, which may be obtained, and avail themselves of every measure, which may give to them perpetuity, and hand them down undisturbed in form or character, to other generations?

That these venerable piles are the workmanship of man's hand, no one, who with unprejudiced opinion has examined them, can doubt. But with such an admission, what latitude of reflection, which throng and startle the mind! What a series of unanswerable inquiries are suggested! When were these enormous earth-heaps reared up from the plain? By what mass of beings was the vast undertaking accomplished? What was their purpose?—what changes in their form and magnitude have taken place?—what vicissitudes, and revolutions have, in the lapse of centuries, rolled him successive waves over the plains at their base? As we reflect, we anxiously look around us for some tradition—some time-stained chronicle—some age-worn record—even the faintest and most unsatisfactory legend, upon which to repose our credulity, and relieve the inquiring solicitude of the mind. But our research is hopeless. The present race of Aborigines can tell nothing of these tumuli. To them as to us they are veiled in mystery. Ages since—long ere the white face came—while this fair land was yet the home of his Ashes—the simple Indian stood before the venerable earth-heaps, and gazed, and wondered, and turned away.

The Stars.—Look at the distant star which twinkles in the firmament. There it has shone with undiminished lustre for centuries. The eyes that are sealed in death thousands of years have gazed upon it, and seen it the same as we behold it now. It has held its place through successive empires. If we look back through the vista of distant ages we find it there. It beheld Rome in her night and majesty. It looked upon Babylon in the days of her glory. It saw Egypt in her rising grandeur. Yet still it shines on, without change or diminution of lustre. Perpetuity, constancy and endurance of heavenly friendships. "Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinance of the moon and stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; the Lord of Hosts is his name; if these ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel shall also cease from being a nation before me forever. The mountains shall depart, and hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that have mercy on thee." If we attach so much value to constancy that can abide but a few years at most, how can we estimate aright that which endures for ever? Think of a friendship, the measure of whose duration is eternity itself, the tenure of it with out limit or end.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon the wave and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited faculty—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory! And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in cold and death-like torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a brighter destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like live visions, will stay in our presence forever.—*Bulwer.*

## EXERCISE.

The faculties with which our Creator has endowed us, both physical and intellectual, are so dependent upon exercise for their proper development, that action and industry must be regarded as among the primary duties of accountable man. "In our conceptions," says an ingenious writer, "exertion is connected with success and renown." A triumph without an enemy combated, and a victory won; a prize, where no course is marked out, and no competitor starts with us in the race, are notions which do not find a ready admission into our minds. Such is our constitution, that, according to our usual train of thinking, where there is no exertion, there can be neither honor nor reward. Progress in moral and intellectual excellence is our duty, our honor, and interest. To be stationary, or retrograde, is disgraceful. We come into the world feeble in body and in mind, but with seeds of improvement in both; and these seeds grow, according to the cultivation they receive from exercise. The body grows in stature and strength, and the mind gradually expands. But exercise is requisite to the development both of our corporeal and mental capacities. In the course of years, indeed, the body grows; but without exercise, it is lumpy, feeble and inactive; and the mind wholly undisciplined, remains in a weak and infantile state. That exercise which is requisite in order to bodily health and vigor, and to the evolution of our intellectual and moral powers, is not only the chief means of our improvement but also the main source of our happiness. Without exercise of body and of mind, there can be no happiness.

## ENDS OF LIFE.

Life has no ultimate purpose. We are not appointed to pass through life, barely that we may live. We are not impelled, both by disposition and necessity, to buy and sell, barely that we may do it; nor to get gain, barely that we may get it.

There is an end to every thing in an object, in the course of its existence. There is a beginning, and there is an end. There is a time when it is born, and there is a time when it is dead. There is a time when it is in the flower of its youth, and there is a time when it is in the decay of its old age. There is a time when it is in the height of its power, and there is a time when it is in the weakness of its old age. There is a time when it is in the midst of its glory, and there is a time when it is in the midst of its shame. There is a time when it is in the midst of its triumph, and there is a time when it is in the midst of its defeat. There is a time when it is in the midst of its joy, and there is a time when it is in the midst of its sorrow. There is a time when it is in the midst of its life, and there is a time when it is in the midst of its death. There is a time when it is in the midst of its existence, and there is a time when it is in the midst of its non-existence. 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## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like the laughing hours  
Of early Spring—  
The very dawn that o'er it lowers  
A storm can bring;  
For, like an April day,  
A shower, a sunny ray,  
The bright tear in childhood's eye  
A smile can chase away.  
But even while we gaze  
At these early days are gone,  
And even the glowing rays  
Of sunset hasten on;  
The bud hath opened to the flower,  
The boy to manhood sprung,  
And from his heart sin's dæmonising power  
Its bitterness hath wrung.

The dream that he can win from fame  
An honored, deathless name,  
And following glory's banners bright,  
He finds an early grave;  
But memory unshrinks in night  
The last hope of the brave.  
He is forgotten—o'er his bier  
No nation's tears are shed;  
Nought save a widowed mother's tear,  
Laments the hero dead.

The poet strikes his lute—  
Sweet thrill its golden strings;  
But public praise is mute—  
His lay no rapture brings.  
And mournfully his heart  
Echoes its leader's tone,  
His airy dreams depart,  
His hope of fame has flown.

Like an expanded flower,  
Whose leaves fall one by one,  
Hope fades "neath disappointment's power,  
Till manhood's prime is gone.  
And age, like Autumn, chill and sear,  
Scatters such fading leaf,  
Till not one flower remains to cheer  
The path of life so sadly drear,  
And yet so brief—

Till all the weary heart would crave  
To be at rest from woes—  
The coming winter of the grave  
Its snow around him throws—  
And even thus, from youth to age,  
Man treads his weary pilgrimage.

Clifton.

LAVINIA.

## SCRAPS.

We frequently hear persons boasting of the health of their several neighborhoods, in very extravagant terms, but we think a friend of ours living at Bayou LaBourche, can beat all others. He insists that no person was ever sick in his neighborhood, and very seldom any dies. He says that when the vicinity where he lives was first settled, the emigrants were generally very young, and lived there so long without seeing any body die, they did not know what death was. They did not travel much or they might be better informed in other places. He says that at least one old man about 140 years old died, and they could not imagine what the disease was the matter with him, but kept him four days sitting in a chair, when some traveller passing, told them the old man was decrepit; and they then buried him.—*Acension Herald.*

Off with his Nose.—An English newspaper says that the new Russian Minister to the United States is called Somonoff (saw my nose off). An attorney of the same name in Washington, Blow-stomoff (blow my nose off). Besides which we have Col. Kutanssoff, of the imperial guard, (cut my nose off). Marshal Pullmanoff (pull my nose off). Gen. Nombegun (nose begone), and many others.—*Boston Journal.*

The following curious coincidences and mistakes in punctuation appear in a catalogue of books lately published:—*Essay on Stupidity—bound in calf.*—*Hints on the Original State of Man—very old.*—*The Consensus of Lawyers—three.*—*Hints to Carpenters—in boards.*—*Transactions of the Bank—gold edged.*—*History of the Giants—Large paper.*

A Quandary.—An editor without any thing in his head or the pigeon hole, with the devil at his back, singing out, "copy."

Fishing for Compliments.—"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading?"—now tell me plainly, without any compliments, "Oh, no, missa, but den me kinder tink"—"Think what Dinah, you're bashful." "Oh, no, me no bashful; but den me kinder tink an how missa don't 'tain her color quite so well as colored lady."—*Picayune.*

Tearing Music to Pieces.—Why don't you keep better time and try and strike the same tune the rest are playing?" said a genius to a chap at a county muster who was singing away almost any air that came handy or rather no air at all. "Why, it ain't so easy to do that thing, no how, I never struck a tune but once in my life and then I tore it all to kinders.—*Id.*

Engaged.—At a trial of Edward Coleman, for the murder of his wife, at New York, a black fellow was called on the stand; and asked if the prisoner was in his right state of mind. "No massa, said the blackee, "he no had right state of mind, cause he couldn't hab to cut his wife's throat."—*Id.*

The Boston Transcript thus facetiously heralds the great struggle in that State:

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-ling.—All those are passengers what's agoin' to take passage up Salt River, in the Minority, on Monday next, and stop at the Cap'n's office and settle.—*Id.*

Them as are fat and heavy, must sleep on their sides, and mind the roll, so as to keep the head in firm.

**Discipline.**—When Kleber was in Egypt, he sustained, during five hours, with only two thousand men, the united efforts of twenty thousand. He was nearly surrounded, and had only a narrow defile by which to escape. In this extremity, he called to him a chief de battalion, named Chevar-din, for whom he had a particular regard. "Take," said he, "a company of grenadiers, and stop the enemy at the ravine; you will be killed, but you will save your comrades." "Yes, general," replied Chevar-din. He gave his watch and pocket-book to his servant, executed the order, and his death, in fact, arrested the enemy, and saved the French.

**A Prudent Young Man.**—A few days ago, a duel was to have come off with swords, at a small town in Louisiana. One of the parties, on the night before the affray, waited on a "keen old swordsman," and made inquiries as to the surest way to avoid being touched by his antagonist's weapon. "The surest way is to keep out of its reach," said the veteran. The considerate young gentleman took the hint and eloped for Texas.

## TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of three months.  
2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.  
Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be post paid.

## SCULPTURING.

J. HOULDSHOUSER

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he is still at his old business of

### STONE-CUTTING.

seven miles South of Salisbury, and about 1/2 a mile from the old Charleston Road, where he is prepared to accommodate those wishing work in his line. He now has on hand and for sale, a good supply of MILL-STONES, of various sizes and prices, from twenty-five to thirty dollars a pair, of the best grit and workmanship;—also WINDOW SILLS, from \$2 to \$2.50; DOOR-SILLS from \$2 to \$3; DOOR STEPS \$1.50; ROUGH BUILDING ROCKS from fifty to seventy-five cents; TOMB STONES from \$10 to \$15; GOLD (up shaft) GRINDERS \$20 a piece.

The Subscriber hopes by close attention to business, and his determination to furnish none but the best article, and on reduced terms, to merit and receive a liberal portion of public patronage.  
Rowan County April 13 438. 12m

THE second Quarter of Mrs. HUTCHISON'S School will be opened on the 1st of January, 1839, in the New Female Academy.

### TERMS OF ADMISSION FOR THE QUARTER.

First Class	-	\$8 50
Second Class	-	\$5 50
Music	-	12 50

Board in respectable families \$6 per month.  
Mrs. Hutchison would respectfully remind her friends and patrons that her circumstances require the observance of the usual rules of schools, viz. Payment in Advance, and entrance, either at the beginning of the Session, or the Quarter.  
Salisbury, Dec. 13, 1838. 3t

### TEMPERANCE MEETING.

THE Rowan County Temperance Society, will hold a meeting on Tuesday evening, the 25th instant, (Christmas day,) at the Presbyterian Church, in Salisbury, at 8 o'clock. Addresses may be expected.  
SAM'L LEMLY, Pres. R. C. T. S.  
Dec. 20, 1838. 1t

**Horses for Sale.**  
THE Subscribers will sell, at the Court-House, on Tuesday, the 1st day of Jan'y. next,

8 or 10 Likely Young Horses.  
Terms made known at Sale.  
R. N. CRAIGE,  
SAM'L CRAIGE,  
December 20, 1838.

## GROCERIES, &c.

THE Subscriber has just received from Charleston, Cognac Brandy, first quality, Old Whiskey, very superior, by the gallon or qt. Madeira Wine, Leaf and brown Sugar, of different qualities, Coffee of first quality, Spanish Segars, Soda Bread, Pilot Biscuit, and Crackers, Raisins; Sallad Oil, &c.  
All of which he offers for sale upon very reasonable terms.—Beeswax taken in exchange for goods, or the market price paid in cash. ANDRE MATHIEU.  
Salisbury, Dec. 20.

### EXECUTORS' SALE.

WILL be sold at the Court-house on Tuesday the 1st day of January next, a likely negro BOY, belonging to the estate of Ann Deed, dec'd., on a credit of nine months, the purchaser giving bond with approved security.  
JAMES OWENS, Exr.  
Dec. 20, 1838. 3t

### HORSES FOR SALE.

I WILL sell at the Court-house in Salisbury, on Tuesday the 1st of January next, (before previously disposed of) one gray and one brown mare, 8 and 5 years old last Spring. Terms, 12 months credit with bond and approved security. Also, a good two horse wagon for sale.  
T. P. ALLEN,  
December 20, 1838.

**Editor and Proprietor.**

THIS is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to Literature, but occasionally feeding from also for articles that fall within the scope of Science; and not promising an entire disavowal of useful sciences, though its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes no blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of more valuable matter to which they adhere; but when ever that happens, they are incidental only; not primary. They are drawn, tolerated only, because it cannot well be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

Reviews and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in the work; and it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age, of publications that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every un-discriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who does wish to discriminate.

ESSAYS, and TALES, having in view utility or amusement, or both—HISTORICAL SKETCHES—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous POETRY, enough is published—sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strifes;—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad!—They should be driven, by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people:—Every spring should be set in motion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be carried out in practice!

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, South of Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! In this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Northern people, compared with those of the Southern! No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt, affords us, as we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the work *SOUTHERN* was engrained on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound unceasingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the North, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence; and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel the lowering clouds that now threaten the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER has now completed its fourth volume. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes, however, that it falls not far short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall short of Theory.  
December, 1838.

## Look at This.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed his

### CHAIR MAKING SHOP.

to the house formerly occupied by Mr. David Watson as a Cabinet-Shop, on Main Street, near the Salisbury Hotel, where he is prepared to obey all orders in the CHAIR AND CABINET MAKING BUSINESS, with promptness, and execute, with improvement, every variety of Chair and Cabinet work, at reduced prices. Plant, scantling and country produce taken in exchange for work, at liberal prices.  
WM. ROWZEE  
Salisbury, Dec. 13, 1838. 4t

**CRESS & BOGER.**  
RESPECTFULLY inform their customers and friends in general, that they have just received their supply of FALL & WINTER GOODS, comprising almost every article usually kept in this section of country, which they offer upon the usual terms,—cheap for Cash, or to punctual dealers upon a credit of twelve months. Just received a choice selection of the best

## Het Anker Bolting Cloths,

with a good supply of  
**SCREEN WIRE!**  
all of which they will dispose of upon the most favorable terms. C. & B. tender their thanks to their friends and customers, and hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.  
Salisbury, Dec. 1, 1838. 1t

## New Goods.

Just received and for sale, wholesale or retail, the following articles:

- 200 sacks Liverpool Salt, large sizes.
  - 10 hhds. Sugar.
  - 2 do. N. Orleans Molasses.
  - 2 casks Rice.
  - 46 bags Coffee.
  - 20 boxes best bunch Raisins.
  - 10 casks Cheese.
  - 50 boxes glass, 8 by 10.
  - 500 lbs. Putty.
  - 75 kegs white Lead.
  - 1 bbl. Dutch Madder.
  - 13 Mill Saws.
  - 10 crows cat. do.
  - 50 bottles Rowan's Tonic Mixture.
- J. & W. MURPHY.  
Salisbury, Dec. 20, 1838.

**Charlotte's Matchless Sanative.**  
THE Subscriber is in full of the Post Office, at Salisbury, N. C., and is prepared to receive orders for the same, at the following prices:—



The following is an extract from a forthcoming work of Dr. Peters, the discoverer of the celebrated "Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills."

"HUMANITY, wealth, and enjoyment, are the three prime objects of life. The two former are only sought as a means to obtain the latter. Man seeks for wealth as a means of enjoyment. But vain is such pursuit without the possession of health. Without bodily vigor and strength, neither the physical nor the mental—not the inner nor the outward man is capable of any achievement, whether of wealth or of enjoyment. *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body—is the *sine qua non*—the absolute requisite—for any efficient effort in the attainment of human ends. The mind may be active, but if the body be feeble, then the mind active to little purpose. Enjoyment is not there; and the finest laid plans are rendered abortive by the shattered condition of our temperament of clay.

But say that a man could obtain wealth—that he could acquire the gold of Ophir, and bring home all the treasures of the mines of Golconda, yet without health, where would be his happiness? He would be miserable in the midst of his gold and his diamonds; he would pine away in wretchedness and despair; and he would exclaim with the wise man of old, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit!' His limbs are racked with pain, and he cannot rest; his appetite is gone, and he loathes his food; his stomach is oppressed with nausea, and he turns sickening away at the bounties of a magnificent Providence. He would give all he is worth—nay, all the world, if he had it—for the poor, but healthy man's appetite. 'Please give me,' said a hungry wretch, to wit, a feeble man—'Please give me sixpence to buy me a morsel of food; I am almost starved!'

'I would give a thousand dollars for your appetite,' said the rich man, as he handed the hungry one a dollar. Of so much importance is health to the enjoyment of life!

But whereto, methinks I hear the reader ask, subscribes this homily on so plain and hackneyed a subject? Do we not all know the value of health? Do we not all attend to it as one of the chief, if not the chiefest concerns of our mortal existence? Do we not employ the means to attain and preserve it? Do we not lay out money—do we not see physicians—do we not follow their advice—do we not swallow their prescriptions?

True—most true—gentle reader, thou dost all things, we dare say, and more. Still, we cannot believe our homily on health to be altogether unnecessary. As in morals, so in physic it is requisite to have 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.' Men in health forget that they may be sick; and men in sickness do not all ways employ the most judicious means to attain health.

Very true, Doctor—men do not as you say, always pursue the right road to health. Now, I know of some people who are always doing themselves with physic, and running to the doctors and apothecaries every day of their lives. They take, I verily believe, a cart load of drugs in a year, and yet they are not well after all. Do you know the reason?

Why, yes, in my opinion, there are two reasons. In the first place, they take too much medicine, and in the second, they do not take the right kind. I used to make the same mistake. But lately—that is to say for two or three years past—I've hit upon a better plan. I take Dr. Peters' Vegetable Bilious Pills, and I derive more benefit from one dollar laid out in them, than I used in paying fifty in any former pursuit of health, besides saving a world of nausea and disgust in swallowing an enormous quantity of medicines. Do you know Dr. Peters?

Very well.  
'And have you ever taken his medicine?'  
'I have; I were a blockhead else.'  
'They tell me he is none of your quacks, who undertake to mend and regulate the human machine, without as much as knowing of what parts it consists, and how they are put together. They say he understands anatomy and physiology, I think you call them, and is as familiar with botany and chemistry as I am with the road to mill.'

'You are right informed. Dr. Peters is no empiric. He does not undertake what he does not understand. He was regularly bred to the healing art. He has spent years in the acquisition of knowledge; he has devoted himself to the study of the human frame, and the diseases to which it is subject, and now he is applying his acquisitions to the relief of suffering humanity.'

He does not put forth the absurd claim so often advanced by the inventors of patent nostrums—namely, that of curing all diseases with a single prescription! Such a pretence he would deem about as difficult to swallow, as to take the nostrums of those who put it forth. There is no such medicine. There is not, and never was, a panacea for all diseases. The *vegetable bilious pills* pretend to no such miracle. But what is infinitely better, they effect whatever they undertake. They keep the word of promise to the stomach, and the prime via which they make to the ear and eye.

And that indeed is no slight recommendation. Nor are the complaints to which these Pills are adapted far nor far between. The disorders arising from a morbid state of the Bile are, unfortunately, many, distressing and fatal. A large proportion of all the fevers, especially at the South and in the marshy districts, are owing to this cause, from the distressing ague and fever, which almost shakes asunder life and limb, to the fearful 'Yellow Jack,' which seldom quits his victim without assundering soul and body as he takes his leave.

Conversant from his previous practice, with disease, in all its forms, which originates of the disorder of the Bile, Dr. Peters was first led to employ his knowledge and experience in the preparation of a medicine which should prove efficacious in this large class of diseases, which should relieve the aching and dizzy head, and restore the nauseated and loathing stomach, at the same time that it prevented those more fatal effects which are so apt to follow from their imprudent neglect.

For this purpose he prepared, with much care and a just adaptation to the purpose, the Vegetable Bilious Pills, which he is happy to say, from long experience and the abundant testimony of those who have employed them have answered, more than answered his most sanguine expectations.

It is not his own mere assertion that you are called upon to believe. It is not the ipse dixit of any single man—though he was as great as Galen or Hippocrates—that you are to pin your faith upon. Neither—although it is said in the sacred volume that 'by the mouth of two or three witnesses shall all things be established'—are you to believe in so small a number only! 'A cloud of witnesses' is before you. They are too numerous to be easily overlooked; they are too intelligent to be carelessly heard; they are too respectable to be slightly regarded.

**C. F. FARMER.**  
The undersigned has been the recipient of a large quantity of the most superior quality of the following articles, and is prepared to receive orders for the same, at the following prices:—

**Best Workman.**  
N. B. He will also teach (as Agent) proved system of T. Oliver of Philadelphia, who wishes instruction in his system of Concert, Nov. 25, 1838.

**SCULPTURING.**  
THE Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally, that he is on the

**Stone Cutting Business.**  
and is ever ready to execute, in a workmanlike manner, all descriptions of work in his line, viz. Gold-Grinders, Mill-Stones, Window-Sills, Door-steps and Tomb-stones, in a very rare style. His grit for Mill-Stones is good. Mr. Phillips also begs to inform that he can execute Engravings of tomb-stones as well as executed if charges shall always be reasonable, and moderating as possible.

Persons wishing to have work done in this line, will do well to call at the residence of Phillips, seven miles south of Salisbury.  
ENOCH E. PHILLIPS.  
August 24, 1838.

**Notice.**  
THE Subscriber has been engaged for several years in the improved plan of RUBBER and other Machinery when worn, or broken, method, from either upright, or horizontal, as also the best for the Spindle and Int. lighter and sturdier than those on the old great trouble of wedging and repairing Cranks, and Gears, and are used when these Rubbers and Lathes.

Any person wishing to procure machinery, can be supplied by making application to the subscriber by letter, at Rockville, Davis county, N. C.

September 20, 1838.  
The Subscriber would refer any information on the subject, to Dr. A. Adams, of the 'Cardinalian.'

**GOELICK'S SANATIVE.**  
THE SICK are all taking this medicine with its mighty cures.

For Sale at the Post-Office, Salisbury, N. C.

By JNO. YOUNG  
August 17, 1838.

**COPAL VARNISH.**  
Copal Varnish, English, for Cabinet makers, for Carriage makers, for painting for Cabinet makers, for Cabinet makers, made and sold at retail.

By C. C. HARRIS  
Salisbury, Nov. 1, 1838.

**Dr. Pleasant Henderson.**  
OFFERS his Professional Services to the public, at Salisbury, and its vicinity. His temporary Office is at the late Dr. Mitchell's.

Salisbury, May 18, 1838.

**OLD CASTINGS WANTED.**  
WE will purchase, any amount of old Castings, may be brought to us; such as old cast-iron mill-gearing, old pots, ovens, mortars, &c. pay one cent per pound. *GREEN & SONS.*  
Salisbury, Sept. 6, 1838.

**NEW FASHIONS, FOR FALL & WINTER, 1838.**

**MORACE M. DEANE.**  
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the

**ING BUSINESS** at his old stand on the next door to the Apothecary Store. He is ready to execute the orders of his customers in a style and manner not surpassed by any in the western part of the State. He has a regular receipt of the latest London and Paris FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the taste of the fashionable at all times.

Cutting garments of all kinds promptly; and the latest Fashions furnished to country tailors, and instructions cutting.  
[Salisbury, Jan. 1, 1839.]

**NOTICE.**  
THE Subscriber, having taken out Letters of administration on the Estate of Mary Le at the last County Court for Rowan, requests persons indebted to said Mary Le, dec'd., to present without delay; and those having claims against the same to present them within the time, by law properly authenticated, otherwise they will be pleaded in Bar of their recovery.  
R. W. LONG.  
Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 13, 1838.

**Private Entertainment.**  
**THOS. POST.**  
INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has taken the recently occupied by Col. W. Le, in the town of Salisbury, with the view of keeping a

**Private Entertainment.**  
The House is comfortable and in the hands of a part of the subscriber, who has been engaged in the subscription to all who may call on T. A. Le with all times to receive the country affairs, and his friends with the choicest Liquors. He gives and sells, and will well supply the reader, and attended by a first rate

Medicine, Feb. 8, 1839.

**Warrant for Sale.**